

*Methinks I see some Bard whose heav'nly Rage
Shall rise in Song, and warm a future Age,
Look back through Time, and rapt in wonder trace
The glorious Series of the Brunswick Race*

*From the first GEORGE these Godlike Kings descend,
A Line which only with the World shall end;
The next a gen'rous Prince renown'd in Arms,
And bless'd, long bless'd in CAROLINA's Arms,
From These the rest, 'Tis thus secure in Peace
We plow the Fields, and reap the Year's Increase:
Refra'd from Debt, the Land no longer groans
Beneath the Canker of devouring Loans,
Now Commerce, wealthy Goddess, rears her Head,
And bids Britannia's Fleets their Canoes spread,
Unnumbred Ships the peopled Ocean hide,
And Wealth returns with each revolving Tide.*

*Here paus'd the follen Muse, in haste I press'd,
And through the Croud of needy Courtiers press'd,
Though unsuccessful, happy whilst I see
Those Eyes that glad a Nation, shine on me.*

*Again, while GEORGE's Virtues rais'd my Thought,
The following Lines prophetic I wrought.*



Sam 58
6

A N

Heroi-Comical Epistle

From a certain

DOCTOR

To a certain

GENTLE-WOMAN,

In Defence of the most Antient
Art of PUNNING.

Cheerful Smile
At Punn Ambiguous, or Conundrum quaint.
John Philips.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. Harrison at the Royal Exchange; L. Stoker against the Muse; J. Stagg in Westminster-Hall; E. Berrington without Temple-Barr; and J. Roberts in Warwick-lane.
(Price Four-pence)

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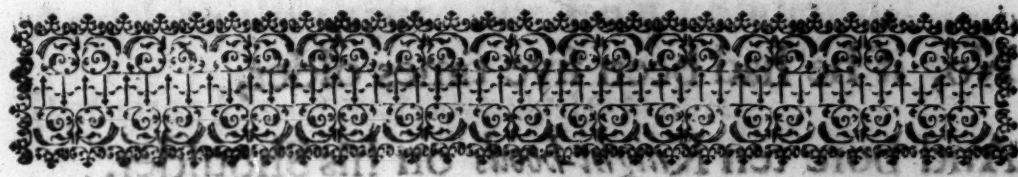
In Defence of the most Ancient
Art of Punning.

Cheerful Smile
At Punning Ambiguities, or Conundrums during
John Phillips.



L O N D O N

Printed for J. Hurd, at the Royal Exchange; A. Miller, at
St. Paul's Church-Yard; J. Stagg, in Westminster-Hall; H. Baskin, at
St. Dunstons; and J. Roberts, in Warwick-Lane.
(Price Four pence)



Heroin-Comical Epistle

From a certain

DOCTOR

To a certain

GENTLE-WOMAN,

In Defence of the most Antient
Art of PUNNING.

DEAR Nanny, all the World are
(running
Stark-mad against our vein of Pun-
(ning;

But I regard not their *James Baker*,
So much as barking *Cur* or *Quaker*;

No, if he had been five times older,
 And bore ten *Knight-hoods* on his Shoulder,
 Your fair Example should weigh more
 With me upon the *Punning* Score
 Than all his Arguments, I hope,
 Brought from the *Devil*, or the *Pope*.
 And therefore I, in your defence
 Will prove a *Punn* both *Witt* and *Sense*.

Then first; For that most saucy Libel,
 Which says that we abuse the Bibel,
 He never read it, that is plain,
 Since there appears the PUNNING STRAIN;
 Let this fair Text the Writer shock,
 Thy Name is ROCKY, on this Rock
 I'll build my Church, which none shall break;
 -----But it is better in the Greek,

And

And I could thence our Foes condemn,
But that I know 'tis *Greek* to them.

Again, I pray you, Learned Sirs,
Who against *Punning* make these stirrs ;
What are those *Parables* we prize,
But *sayings* very dark, and wise,
Which always hath a meaning double ?
And are not *Punns* the same----Thou Bubble ?
But herein was our chiefest strength,
That *Parables* are *Punns* at length,
And as we Moderns have transacted,
Our *Punns* are *Parables* contracted.

So much for *Scripture* ; For *Example*,
It follows thus in manner ample,
The greatest *Kings*, and highest *Witts*,
Have ever had their *Punning* Fitts.

King James the First (God bless him for't,)
 Was a huge lover of this Sport ;
 And was for that, which makes it stronger,
 By some, stil'd *Solomon the Younger* :
 Now he dares condemn that *King*,
 From whom our *Royal Issue* spring,
 I doubt not, would with equal Reason,
 Be guilty of *Ambiguous Treason*.

Ah! *Nanny, Nanny*, those were Days,
 When *Punning* bore the Bell and Bays,
Shakeſpear and *Johnſon*, in that Age
 Discharg'd their *Punns* around the Stage,
 And grave *Divines*, in Pulpit high,
 Popp'd of their *Punn-Artillery*;
Ambiguous words by *Bishops* given,
 PUNN'D honest Penitents to Heaven;

They

They in his *own way* us'd to rub
 The fly dissembling *Beelzebub*,
 And he who did at first deceive
 By *doubtful words*, our Mother *Eve* ;
 As *Preachers Punning* stokes did heap on,
 Was fairely beat at *his own Weapon*.

But, dearest NANN, I smell the bottom
 Of all our *Anti-punsters* (rott 'em ;))
 It is a *Popish-Jesuit Plot*,
 By *Tore Jacobites* begot ;
 Since their Religion won't afford
 That they should understand a word
 Of *Scripture Language*-----their Pretence is
 'Gainst us who *speak in many Senses*,
 And if they could demolish *Punning*,
 To *Tongues unknown* we should be running.

But